a _rreste*s character:[x] not really virile, but dominated completely by his fate. He needs his crime to motivate his remorse.

He is among those on whom hangs a fatality — that is, who feel they have a mission to fulfill. Born under the sign of Saturn, obviously. Nothing can be done about it. He will accomplish his task to the bitter end, and he knows it. But it will be hard because he has against him *his own nobility* and the responsibility that Greece has conferred on him. Murder attracts him irresistibly and he has a sacred horror of murder. As soon as Hermione suggests it to him, a sudden thrill warns him that this is indeed his fate. It is a thrill of horror; and yet it is almost a' thrill of joy.

All this leads, in the last act, to *a sort of wild joy,* of satisfaction, of repose; but of *mistaken repose.* He thinks he has reached haven. The lines here are wonderfully contrived to deceive us: *"Grdce au ciel"* etc.

The words Taappiness" and "unhappiness" can be used almost indifferently here; it's a relaxing of the nerves after the crime as after an ejaculation. Yet a certain restlessness, a need to keep thinking of the crime. . . . When *suddenly* madness and the seizure of epilepsy grip him just as he wants to get away from himself. It's a curtain that falls around him, a twilight curtain that ensnares him as Clytemnestra's net enveloped his father Agamemnon. He will not escape.

It does not seem to me absolutely necessary to bellow the last lines. I can easily imagine Oreste as almost crushed already, still struggling like a wounded bull; rising up for:

"Tiens! Tiens! voila le coup que je t'ai reservl?

Then, utterly calm and conquered, *waiting for* the supreme suffering: *"Eh lien, files tfEnfer!* . . .*

March

Shall I rest in this garden? Yes, I go in and, even if only for a minute, sit down. Already, I remember, I had sat here last year. It was summer; the air was hot; I was perspiring and had a headache. I enjoyed a few delightful moments here. I was on my way to see, or had just seen, Arthur Fontaine. What book was I reading? It is odd that I don't remember, I must not have read much, for I recall the color of the flowers in the bed in front of me; today it is full of daisies. They are the first flowers of the year; they refresh my mind. But M. occupies too much of

[1] One of the protagonists of Racine's *Andromaque.*